

THE PROPHECIES OF DANIEL.

The following remarks relating to the genuineness of the book of Daniel are taken from "Friendly Hints to Candid Inquirers," by H. L. Hastings, of Boston, and are so satisfactory a refutation of a much urged infidel objection that the extract deserves to be committed to memory by every Christian having communication with unbelievers:

I remember once meeting a somewhat popular American preacher, who, in conversation, used the old argument of the heathen Porphyry, and remarked that the prophecies of Daniel were written at a late date, *after* the events predicted had transpired.

I called his attention to a passage in Daniel vii, where the prophet is shown in vision a certain kingdom under the figure of "A lion having eagle's wings," and inquired of him:

"Where do you think the writer got that symbol? There is no such thing in nature as a winged lion. Now, where did the prophet get the idea?"

He replied that he could not tell.

I continued, "Well, I do not suppose any one could have told, during the last two thousand years. But one day, when I was in the British Museum, looking over the Assyrian sculptures dug up by Layard from under the heaped up ruins of old Nineveh, I saw there a large stone slab, and on it a sculptured *lion having eagle's wings*. Now, that lion was buried in those ruins when Nineveh was destroyed, perhaps 2,300 years ago, and no man has ever seen it since, till Layard's Arabs dug it up in 1858. How came that writer to describe such a figure, when there was nothing like it known on the face of the earth? The *winged lion* was the symbol of an ancient kingdom, just as the lion symbolises Great Britain, and the eagle the United States of America. And when the prophet saw this vision, that kingdom was shown under the appropriate symbol, the winged lion. The lion was buried up, and the book *sealed up*, for nearly twenty-three hundred years; and now, when the sceptic denies the antiquity of the prophecy, the winged lion is dug up from its resting place for ages, and placed in the British Museum, to confirm the faithfulness of the sacred Word."

The minister was silent, as well he might be, when even the buried stones had arisen to give witness to the words of truth.

A little boy was coming home with his mother from church when he heard her saying that the sermon was not worth much. The little boy immediately turned around and said: "O mother! what could you expect for a half-penny."

SORROW TURNED INTO JOY.

You bow low in sorrow when death has touched a loved one of yours and the circle is broken. The loss seems irreparable. The grief appears too deep ever to receive comfort. But the Comforter comes, the consolations of divine love are given, and the sorrow is turned into joy. The sense of loss is not taken away. The friend is not given back. The keenness of the grief is not softened. But the love of Christ is revealed. The truth of immortal blessedness becomes a window through which faith's eye sees into the heavenly glory, beholding, not death, but radiant life. The will of God, that seemed to crush like a falling avalanche the heart's frail joys, appears now the very hand of love, blessing, and doing good. The sorrow becomes deep joy. In every life that has passed through such experiences and kept its faith, the sweetest, richest joys are always transformed sorrows. The best things in any life are not things born of summer days, the things that come without cost or effort.—*J. R. Miller, D. D., in "The Building of Character."*

THE ATHEIST.

During the month of November a clergyman and an atheist were in one of the night trains between Albany and Utica. The night being cold, the passengers gathered as closely as possible around the stove. The atheist was very loquacious, and was soon engaged in a controversy with the minister. In answer to a question of the latter as to what would be man's condition after death, the atheist replied, "Man is like a pig; when he dies that is the end of him." As the minister was about to reply, a worthy Irishwoman at the end of the car sprang up, the natural red of her face glowing more intensely with animation, and the light of the lamp falling directly upon it, and addressing the clergyman in a voice peculiarly startling and humorous from its impassioned tone and the richness of its brogue, exclaimed: "Arrah, now, will ye not let the beast alone? Has he not said that he was a pig? and the more you pull his tail, the louder he'll squeal." The effect of this was electric; the clergyman apologized for his forgetfulness, and the atheist was mute for the remainder of the journey.

SOMETIMES a fog will settle over a vessel's deck, and yet leave the topmast clear. Then a sailor goes aloft, and gets a look-out which the helmsman on deck cannot get. So prayer lifts us above the clouds, and gives us a chance to see which way to steer.—*Spurgeon.*

ALWAYS SOMETHING TO DO.

Always something to do. No work is ever finished. The same work must be done over and over again day by day. The weeds grow in the field, the fences fall down, the sheds decay. In the fields of spiritual toil, admonition, comfort, prayer, help are always demanded. Nothing remains or stands firm. The strong to-day are the weak to-morrow. The helper calls for help in his turn. One day as much as another requires watchfulness for ourselves and helpfulness for others. There is no discharge in this war. But who would cease from toil, or ask to be excused from the ministries of love, or to be at truce with the agencies of sin? In this moral struggle moral life has its experiences and its consciousness of being. For noble struggle there is sweet rest—sweet, because it eases the tired muscles, repairs the wasted tissue, and gives moral tone to the nerves, preparing us for renewal of the conflict. Grateful alike is this alternation of activity and rest. But the weariness of inaction is the paralysis of power, the hopelessness of a prison life, it is of all things the most intolerable to a noble spirit, which would rather fall upon the battle-field than rest, though in the splendor and luxury of a palace.

LIVING AT OUR BEST.

Do not try to do a great thing; you may waste all your life waiting for an opportunity which may never come. But since little things claim your attention, do them as they come, from a great motive for the glory of God, to win his smile of approval, and to do good to men. It is harder to plod on in obscurity acting thus, than to stand on the high places of the field, within the view of all, and to do deeds of valor at which rival armies stand still to gaze. But no such act goes without the swift recognition and the ultimate recompense of Christ.

To fulfill faithfully the duties of your station; to use to the uttermost the gifts of your ministry; to bear chafing annoyances and trivial irritation as martyrs bore the pillory and the stake; to find the one noble trait in people who try to molest you; to put the kindest construction on unkind acts and words; to love with the love of God even the unthankful and evil; to be content to be a fountain in the midst of a wild valley of stones, nourishing a few lichens and wild flowers, or now and again a thirsty sheep; and to do this always, and not for the praise of man, but for the sake of God—this makes a great life.—*F. B. Meyer.*

BE honest. "Withhold not good from them to whom it is due."